

A
PANEGYRICK
 TO THE
 Kings most excellent Majesty,
 UPON HIS HAPPY ACCESSION
 TO THE
CROWN,
 And His More
 FORTVNATE
MARRIAGE.

By **Sr. F. F. K. B.**

(Sir Francis Bacon)

*Ex Aed. Sab.
 28. Jun.
 1662.*

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*Geo. Stradling S. T. D.
 Rev. in Christo Pat. Gilb.
 Episc. Lond. Capel. Domesticus.*

LONDON,
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 Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1662.

PANEGYRICK

TO THE

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430. FANE (SIR FRANCIS). A Panegyrick to the Kings most excellent Majesty upon his Happy Accession to the Crown, and his More Fortunate Marriage. Folio, boards (title water-stained).

Lond.: Printed by W. Wilson for Henry Herringman, 1662.

THE EXTREMELY RARE FIRST EDITION. We cannot find a single record of its having been sold for at least a quarter of a century. Langbaine, in his English Dramatic Poets, says of Sir Francis Fane "Tis not in Dramatick Poetry alone that our Author is a Master, but his Talent is equal also in Lyrics."



Illustrious and Renowned SOVERAIGN,

THere is none so great a stranger to your Virtues, but knows, with how gracious a Candour, and Equanimity you receive the vows and acclamations of all the World, and the bolder addresses of some particular Persons: So accessary is your goodness to your own disquiet: And as offences are increast by the encouraging permission of Superiours, so is this the only Crime your Sacred Majesty ever favoured with your Connivance, by the unjust Martyrdome of your own Patience making an Atonement for the rude sins of those aspiring Invocations. But were this time less pregnant with examples of your Indulgence, or your Subjects Inopportunities, yet I should hope, that this transgression might be venial, and be interpreted an unresistainable effusion of his joyes, who chuses rather to disclose his resentments of our publique felicities by this affectionate presumption, than to smother your virtues and his own admiration by too scrupulous a silence. Many have applauded the miraculous, though long expected change of your Fortune, and wish early Salutes, like the *Persians*, ran out betimes to catch the first glimpse of your Sun rising out of the Sea of affliction; not considering whether your clear morning might be overcast with the dark vapours of ill Government drawn up too frequently by the attractive heat of prosperity; but now that by your long Continuance in this our Sphere, we see, and joyfully admire the Constant and indissemper'd serenity of your Justice, and find by undeceiv'd experience, that the influence of your increasing Perfections warms, no less, than the splendour of your Greatness enlightens us, it is no wonder, the most contemptible of those Worms, that creep upon this your Earth, should be drawn out at last, and inspir'd with an unusual alacrity to the discharging of a duty which he finds as impossible to be omitted, as to be well perform'd. Then Royal Sir, since Heaven ha's smooth'd the brows of these latter times, and fill'd up the deepest wrinkles that Warr ever intrench't in, let us admire how partially the Divine Providence was pleas'd to signalize your glorious Restauration at the same moment, when it seem'd only to satisfie the

complaining World, with some proportionable, though not equal benedictions: There was, Great Sir, in the time of your return, as in *Augustus's*, an Universal peace, and let us ever boast the same conjuncture of affairs, brought down a Saviour, which re-inthron'd a Sovereign, and no unlike occasion too: for as he gave the earnest of Salvation to our Souls, so you now give us the assurance of our Lives and Fortunes, like him, absolving us from an universal guilt; So that you seem not only born to give Laws upon Earth, but to confirm the Decrees of Heaven it self, and to be the joynt Conveyancer of our most gracious Charters, our Lives, Liberties and Possessions: From that moment we began to live, and we owe more to you for our Lives than to our Parents, more to you for our Fortunes, than to the Industry, and pious transmission of our Ancestors. You are the individual Soul and Genius of this great Nation, solely appropriated by Nature to actuate, and inform its prædispos'd Organs, and it is no wonder there ha's been so long a suspension of your Animating faculties, and a kind of Political trance in these three Kingdoms, since the chiefest vessels of Life and Motion in this your Body have been obstructed by many crude and depraved humours, whilst the nobler and more Vital Parts, having lost great quantities of Blood, suffered under a Loyal Lethargy, and were almost extinguish'd: But when an over-ruling Providence, according to its just and even measures, had chose a season fittest to remove the fatal symptoms of this expiring Body, and had swept, and cleans'd this defiled House for your reception, you came back to the Nation, and the Nation came back to its self, you returned after so tedious an Eclipse to the ancient Splendor, and Dignity due to your Sacred Majesty by a triple Title, your Birth, your Merits, and the Desires of your People. Then let the World forget the records of Antiquity, and read no Lectures, but on your Actions; Let men be convinc'd of their Cruelty and Barbarism, that see your Humanity and Compassion; of their Rapines and Oppression, that look upon your Justice, and Impartial distribution; of their Dispirited and groveling Souls, that have seen, and heard of your Active and Passive fortitude, your Magnanimity in the Dubious decisions of fortune, and your greater courage in the Support of its highest indignities, in those frowning times, when nothing was left you that was invincible but your Self, nothing that was impregnable, but your own Firmness and Constancy. We have liv'd an'ongst the enemies of mankind, and your self, and heard them ever celebrate your too Prodigious valour in that unsuccessful, though not inglorious day, in which you did at once oppose both Fortune, Treachery, and unequal Numbers, in which the secrecy of Heaven intrusted by your faithfull servants, miraculously laid up for our future use the greatest treasure of the English Nation: and if you did no sooner dispossess those bold usurpers, it was because you had design'd to re-inflate your self more gloriously, and make the World confess you were more necessary to *England*, than *England* to you, piously resolving, though your fate was depending longer, to over-come your own Subjects by Law, and your other Enemies by Arms. It was by those well manag'd adversities you had occasion to make your Greatness more illustrious, and as there could no doubt arise of your Title, and priority of degree, so you endeavour'd there should be none at all of your superiority in Virtue, and peculiar aptitude to govern. For many Princes plac'd in an advantageous light, and at that distance, which Majesty requires, have appear'd like Pictures in perspective, more profound, and capacious, more wise and virtuous than a closer inspection would have render'd them: and though that Virtues (as one saies well) have their false resemblances, as Divinities have their Idols, yet your accomplishments are real, and unquestionable, and have pass'd the touch-stone of adverse fortune, shining through the darkest of calamities, and owing nothing to the glittering varnish of success. To your Fortitude you have annex'd her constant associate Clemency, which is so eminently conspicuous and admirable in all your Actions, and so congenial to your Heroique soul, that it seems to be your Darling virtue. Never Prince at once converted, and absolv'd so many sinners,

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piec'd together so many inconsistent Factions, so many dissonant Religions : You are the first that ever found out the præternatural art of uniting Contraries ; of making fire and water joyn without the destruction of one Species. The Harmony of your Government is made more sweet and musical by the friendly discord of several Parties ; and you handle so dexterously the charming Instrument of Peace, that like *Orpheus*, Wild-beasts and men do equally follow you. You have tam'd the bellowing *Independent*, and the bleating *Presbyterian* : the barking *Quaker*, and the biting *Anabaptist*. You have united Pulpits and Tubs, Surplices and Cloaks, limber Preciseness and starched Formality. You have reconcil'd things of the greatest Antipathies, our Ears to Drums and Trumpets, our Eyes to red Coats and Crosses, our Hands to Swords, and our Purses to Money. In your absence we were more naked than the *Indians*, because unarm'd, it being more necessary to repell the injuries of men, than those of the weather : but in some kind of Justice they proportion'd our strength to the share of Riches they left us, and having nothing to lose, we had less need of defending our selves. But since that now we bless those Miseries that have receiv'd so glorious a Consolation, we may with as much freedom as integrity assert a truth which was a Paradox in the late equalizing times, that a Glorious Court under a Righteous King does ever make a wealthy Nation, and that the Plentiful Hospitality and splendid Bravery, formerly call'd the Luxury, and Vanity of the Gentry, are the most indispensable Actions and essential Virtues of a Political Government, if according to the maxims of the Republicans themselves, the increase of Trade, the relief and employment of the Poor, the depression of the Nobility from too monstrous an increase, and the elevation of the Commonalty may be reputed the chief interests of a Nations happiness and security. For whereas wealth before was retir'd into solitary Creeks, and had no reflux into the Community, it is now deriv'd through bountifull Channells upon the lower grounds, and Convey'd to fertilize all barren places according to their necessities : so that there is not only a mutual communication of Riches, but frequently a transmigration of Estates, and to make Fortune have some equity in her changes, out of the ashes of one family arises another, and each one takes successively their vicissitudes of Plenty. There is indubitably in the body Politique no less, than in the Natural, a Circulation : and treasure, like Blood, must first be convey'd unto the Nobler Parts, then to the Rest, else there will ensue a Putrefaction of the whole Mass, a Decay of Commerce, and general Poverty. If then the Emperour *Caligula*, fearing an oblivion of his Name, could wish himself the happiness of having his Government signaliz'd to Posterity for some publique Calamities, how much more Glorious an Immortality may your Majesty promise to your Self, whose prosperous Reign, though your Virtues were silent, would be to all ages recommended as the Golden season, and pregnant harvest of *Englands* most transcendent and diffusive felicities ? Your Majesties Thankfulness to your Friends is no less eminent than your Mercy to your Enemies ; nor are your favours to your Servants (as was said of a Cardinals) like those of Eunuchs to women, that they never grow great by them, but such as fully satisfy the most arrogant and Complaining merits, and make them pregnant in Affection, and Loyalty, and productive of good services to your Majesties honour, and the publique Utility : but since that benefits to ungrateful men, or undeserving, are like great summs of Money thrown away to unthrifts, you give your larger talents to your better Stewards, making your moderation obvious to Posterity, in having rais'd up none unto the Peerage, but such as have been instrumental to your Return, or inseparable in your Sufferings, judging rightly, that a numerous Nobility, is like the fixed Stars, whose multitude makes them severally less considerable, but few and choice ones are like the Planets, every one of which ha's some proper excellency, and remarkable motion. But amongst the well chosen objects of your Judicious Liberality, we find the chief to be the two great Pillars of your Kingdome, your *Cato*, and your *Fabius*, your *Cato* is that grave

Senator

Senator and Skilful Pilot, who in the Roughest Seas, though your Majesty ever held the stern your self, yet help'd to guide your course so right, that you never struck upon the shallow Promises of forein Princes, but kept still even in the safer chanel of your Subjects Affections, and who in this season of Tranquillity, advises your Majesty not to be becalm'd, but still to make some orderly progress in your motion to glory. This is our *Atlas*, upon whose shoulders lies the burden of these three Kingdoms, in whose head are conserv'd the Axioms of eternal truth for the Government of this Nation, and in whose breast lodges the universal equity, or the mitigated Justice of our Severer Laws. Your *Fabius* is he, who by his prudent and prosperous Cunctation restor'd the antient Glory of the English World, who finding himself not able to grapple with the monstrous Whale of the Commonwealth, baited, tickled, and play'd with her so long, till at length the Tides forsook her, and left her to his mercy on the dry Land. 'Tis he, who when the wearied Arms of long contending fortune could no longer support your unsuccessful Standards, recovered the Ark out of the hands of the Philistines, which those bold Rebels who would have touch'd or pry'd into, like *Uzziah* perish'd, and with a most religious caution resign'd up faithfully to your Majesty your most sacred and incommunicable Throne, absolving at once, and glorifying the English Nation. We owe to him, more than our selves, that is, your Majesty, and this bankrupt Nation must ever be indebted to him, since it has nothing to give him of equal value with that inestimable Present. Some Princes have made use of their Ministers to be Screens of envy from their People, yours are the Receivers, and tasters of their affection; since there can be nothing Commanded by your Majesty, which your Subjects wishes do not prevent, nothing wish'd by your Subjects, which your Majesties commands do not Confirm. Nor does the favour they obtain from the People, by thus humouring them with your pleasing injunctions, impair at all, or lessen the Peoples indearments to your Majesty, since their love is as over-flowing, and inexhaustible, as the Sources of it, your Royal Virtues, and 'tis almost a Paradox to think we are no more in love with Virtue, since we are so much with You. When your Majesty had thus sacrific'd to your own Gratitude in the remuneration of your Friends, to your generosity in the absolution of your Enemies, and to your wisdom in the re-establishment of your disorder'd Realms, when you were I say by these heroique Steps arriv'd at the supreme point of single felicity, what remain'd there to the accumulated measures of your temporal enjoyments, but the possession of a Person of such rare endowments, that in the adorning of her, Fortune and Beauty have been æmulous competitors, in the presenting of her to your Royal Bed, her Birth and Virtue passionate Rivals, and there is nothing left to terminate so intricate a dispute, but the Concession of her universal excellencies? for as each mans soul is to his human nature, so she is yours in all, and yours in every one. She is the only Person in the World, whose merit is proportion'd to the happiness of being enjoy'd by you, and whose transcendent accomplishments exceed the measure of any other Princes pretensions. 'Tis she alone that can return you one perfection for another, exchange Contentments, and mingle Virtues: For Marriage, which is Natures truest multiplying-glass, makes us not only see our selves without loss of quantity divided into numerous progenies, but causes too a mutual transmigration of all Concernments, and does so perfectly collect the scatter'd Beams of Virtue, Fame and Greatness, that what before was singly glorious receives by it a double illustration, and by reflexion on Posterity renders us those duplicates of happiness innumerable. And how could penitent Fortune after the noble present of a Kingdome improve her Liberality but by conferring on you a greater gift, A Glorious Queen? For Nature too seems to have been so carefully intent in the premeditation, and contrivance of this great Match; that like an over-busied House-wife, she forgot all other affairs in this our Island; and left us in the greatest disorder and confusion that ever was since the *Chaos* was in labour of the Creation. Live then and enjoy those

those ravishing sweets that are the sole Antidotes to Adverse Fortune, and the chief ingredients of the most flattering Prosperity, without which the insipid World ha's nothing that relishes to the elevated taste of man, to which all other luke-warm pleasures are but as Dreams, or the slumbring remembrances of our Mortality, little constrained motions to keep our selves awake from the sleep of Eternity, exerciz'd with as much indifferency as they are accomplish'd with dissatisfaction: whilst Beauty, the most uniting cement both of Souls and Bodies, associating her self with Friendship to give duration to her effects, entertains, and foment the Lethargy of this benumbed Life, with a most Medicinal fountain of ardent desires, boiling up perpetually into the chaste and celestial delights of never-fading Fruitions. It is the fate of Virtues, as of Friends, sometimes to be at odds with one another, and though their cause and end of Action be the same, yet in their mediate operations, they do not seldome seem incompatible: but since that vulgar Impossibilities are but *Heroes* easie Recreations, we may observe, that as your Majesty has the blessed Art of reconciling Factions, and self-opposing Vice in others, you have another no less glorious to joyn all differing and unacquainted Virtues in your self: for there appears to be in the heavenly frame of your mind, a Constellation of endowments rarely sociable; Acuteness of Wit, and Solidity of Judgment; Gravity of Aspect, and Pleasantness of Humour; an unrestrained Power, and a most tender Civility; an early Apprehension, and a mature Prudence. You have a fervent kindness for your Friends, and no inflexible hatred to your Enemies: You are a passionate Lover of right, and as calm a Forgiver of wrong. You enjoy the nakedness of truth by Contemplation, and cloath it in the most ingenious Ornaments of Discourse. You have a Soul richly furnish'd with heroique Passions, and an incredible temper in their Government, and Order. You have many Pleasures that are your Favourites, but none that mislead your Virtue, that is their Sovereign. In fine, your Judgment never errs, but when it is Seduc'd by the powerfull imposture of your self-injurious Clemency, and your Goodness so disciplines and tutors your Greatness, that we never taste of the sharper streams of Justice, till they have run through the Royal Correctives of Tenderness, and Humanity. Yet after all these Excellencies, and truly Royal Prerogatives, give me leave to tell you, you have left a general discontent in the hearts of all your Subjects, I mean a disquieting and tormenting desire to attempt a thing they can never accomplish, A perfect Copy of your Virtues. For men must propose you as a pattern for their Wishes, not their Hopes, and 'tis a loyal Virtue to Imitate those perfections, which 'tis a rebellious presumption to think to Parallel. What need then those superfluous Oaths of Allegiance, and Supremacy? wherefore should they so solicitously bind our pre-engaged affections? Those are but feeble props to tottering Monarchs, but to your Majesty who is so unremoveably fix't in the very Centre of our hearts, the Law-giver, and the Law it self, the Precept, and the Pattern of these three Kingdoms, what needs there any greater security than those previous Oaths, and voluntary Resolutions, that every one has made within himself, to make your Service the most ambitious aim of all his actions? Since the same rule that makes you our Superiour, Commands us at once to Obey your Person, and Imitate your Virtues, and the Divinity it self ha's included in one duty, both his own Veneration, and your Obedience.

Auspicious Prince, whose Clemency gives us Innocence, whose Moderation Tranquillity, whose Prudence Instruction, and whose Virtue Example; whom to See, and not Admire, is to be Insensible, whom to Admire, and not to Reverence, is to be Rebellious, whom to Reverence, and not Adore, is to be Profane, and whom to Honour, Obey, and Venerate, is the most unalienable Concernment and complicated Duty of our Religion, our Allegiance, and our human Nature.

Great

GREAT SIR, Fames Darling, Favourite of Time,
 Now Fortunes Credit, as you was her Crime,
 To see You here, and Tyranny Expir'd,
 Who could have Hop'd, who could not have Desir'd ?
 Thus when a blasted April-Bud ha's lost
 It's proper season by untimely frost,
 If we again in Winter see it sprout,
 Our Startled reason puts our sense in doubt :
 Your Crowns once wither'd flow'rs though now you bear,
 Our Joyes can scarce Divest Habitual fear,
 And we're like those who coming out of Night
 At first are blinded with too great a light.
 Fortune sometimes makes use of good deceits,
 Despair and Hope were ever equal cheats.
 As when th' incountring Rain and Hail and Snow
 With cloudy brows do threaten us below,
 Whilst they contest and juffle in the Skie,
 And still their self-opposings keep us dry,
 A North-wind comes and blows them all away,
 And re-invests the Monarch of the day :
 So when your meteor Rebels rais'd by you
 Had you obscur'd, and in their Gloomy Crew
 Tempestuous mischiefs had design'd to powre
 Upon our heads, their quarrels stop't the shower,
 Then *Boreas* made our Air thus pure and thin,
 The same wind blew you out, and blew you in.
 Nature's improv'd as well as is the Nation,
 Our Seas have after storms no Agitation,
 But smooth and even like your Royal mind
 They keep their Bounds by God and you assign'd.
 No Libellers can tax such times as these,
 Those men that kill in Vizards whom they please ;

Your

(7)

Nor giddy Tumults to your Palace swarm,
Leaping, like Porpoises, before a storm.
Your well-compos'd harmonious Actions keep
Wonder awake, and Envy lay asleep ;
And though the Sea, our Guardian, us immure,
Your inland Virtues make us more secure.
Let men rejoyce at this mysterious hour,
That Mercy can enslave them more than Power.
Your Birth entitles you unto our Throne ;
But Hearts by Conquest, you have made your own :
Live and improve in might, possessing still
Unbridled Power, that ha's a bridled Will.
Distinguish men, and make your Friends to feel
Their spleens are Cur'd with Gold, your Foes with steel.
A King that stoops to Subjects when they frown,
Gives them th' advantage-ground to reach his Crown.
Thus when the Humble Sun the Pole draws near,
And creeps upon the earth for half a year,
His low Familiar Beams, that warm not them,
Make men the Glow-worm Planet to contemn ;
But when ascending both in height and power,
He o're their heads does more directly Towre,
And with his Rayes can warm, and scorch, and fire,
Then men with pleasure, and with fear admire.

FINIS.
